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# WOMAN'S WORK

## A FOREIGN MISSIONS MAGAZINE

Reasonable Optimism

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# WOMAN'S WORK

*A Foreign Missions Magazine*

VOL. XXXIV OCTOBER, 1919 No. 9

THOSE WHO are studying *A Crusade of Compassion* know something of the need and the results of women's medical missionary work in India. Among her forty millions of secluded women the woman doctor finds an entrance where no woman coming just to teach religion would be admitted. The bitter oppression of all women by Moslems, the unspeakable cruelties of child marriage, the rigid caste system, the absolute impossibility for women in their seclusion of receiving any help from the hospitals and physicians provided by the British government, the dense ignorance of so large a proportion of the women and their blind following of superstitious custom and tradition—all these causes make the need an overwhelming one. But scores of India's women have begun themselves to realize this need. They are of the educated class though few of them can go to England or America for the medical training which many are eager to secure. In the north at Ludhiana and in the south at Lahore are mission medical colleges for women, but these can be said only to have scratched the surface of the need for this special educational training.

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THE GIANT TASK undertaken by the Interchurch World Movement has already been initiated. Their comprehensive census of the spiritual, moral, social and industrial environments of humanity throughout the world is for the purpose of enabling Protestant religious forces to "visualize their whole task." They purpose to find out the whole Church's present assets and obligations in every field, then to offer the opportunity to all the churches to ascertain all the facts about their common problems and to consult together about solving them. An analysis of all the boards and benevolent agencies which have endorsed the movement shows that their members come from seventy-six denominations, with two hundred thousand individual churches, representing a Protestant constituency of fifty million persons.

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LETTERS received from Associate Secretaries Scott and Schell tell of pleasant and prosperous journeying toward the mission fields where their coming is eagerly anticipated. They speak warmly of San Francisco's hospitalities and of their keen interest in visiting the Rescue Home, the Tooker Memorial School, etc. Both the secretaries and also Mrs. Schell addressed a family gathering of our mission workers under the auspices of the Occidental Board. Their first official engagement after the voyage across the Pacific was to be attendance at the Annual meeting of the Japan Mission in Karuizawa. We count on receiving interesting details of this and other incidents of the secretarial visitation from our correspondents in Japan, the Philippines, etc.

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WE REJOICE to have received letters from many of our India missionaries who have been thoughtful enough to let us know that peace has brought them once more their regular monthly copies of WOMAN'S WORK.

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A FRIENDLY CORRESPONDENT writes us of passing around among her friends at the summer hotel where she stopped, our August number showing the faces of the young mission recruits. She says she has always found that she can elicit more interest by showing, not just the magazine, but a certain striking article

or feature in it. We all have a little special curiosity in opening a wrapper on which is written "marked copy!" By the way, we might mention that of an unusually large edition of our August issue, by the latter part of the month not a single copy was left on our office shelves except the few which are returned to us each month by the Post-office because the persons to whom they were addressed could not be found.

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Our magazine is very seldom authorized to publish a definite appeal for funds for a specific object. But when it does do so there is invariably an immediate and generous response from our intelligent and deeply interested public. The description of conditions of suffering from famine in India, by a missionary lately returned from that country, which appeared in our July issue elicited a substantial response. Gifts for this object were not credited as mission contributions either by the Assembly's or the Woman's Boards, but were received by the Treasurer of the Assembly's Board. At this writing the total of these gifts amounts to $13,698.24.

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One of our missionaries in writing of village work among the women in India says: "In our little gatherings with the women we encourage them to lead in prayer. One dear mother, who had been a Christian only a short time, had a son in the army. Her mother heart was troubled about him. We asked her to pray. 'I don't know how to pray, but I talk to God about my boy, and this is what I say'—and then followed a prayer which brought tears to all our eyes—a prayer such as thousands of mothers were praying in those days, though expressed in a different way."

And one of our busy doctors tells us: "These women are learning that we can help them, and the time is coming in India when, instead of one busy medical woman, there will be twenty busy medical women in one city. Just at present you have to be careful how you handle your patients. It is really more difficult than managing a neurasthenic society dame. I had a patient who leaped off the examining table in great alarm, thinking I was going to cut out her liver at once, when I opened my fountain pen to write her prescription. My stethoscope is often viewed with great suspicion, and if you want to make a blood test!! well—you've just got to handle your patient right, or off she goes. But how they do change in the hospital! By the time a woman has recovered from any operative procedure she seems like an old friend."

---

Out of every hundred of India's three or more hundreds of millions, seventy-two depend upon the soil for their living. Sherwood Eddy says that twenty dollars a year is an average income for a family, and that millions never know what it is not to be hungry. The soil is fertile but the land is overcrowded, the rains fail frequently and agricultural methods date from the time of Moses. Through its agricultural department the British Government has instituted many reforms. A special Research Department is making a thorough study of India's peculiar problems. The Government welcomes the cooperation of our own and other Mission Boards.

---

A mission publication of another Church comments, under the title *Those Progressive Presbyterians,* on the newspaper statement last May that "a larger place in Church leadership for women is part of General Assembly program." The editor says: "Are there unusual women in the Presbyterian Church, or do they have unusual men? If it is the 'brethren,' where did they catch the spirit? Do Presbyterians have good judgment? Shall women be content to give and to work, and to be named on committees where they are not expected to exercise any initiative, but show that 'woman's work is represented'? Or is 'taxation without representation' tyranny?"

# Our Missionaries in India

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# From a Tent Dweller

This informal chronicle of itinerating work was selected for WOMAN'S WORK from the home letters of Miss Louisa Lee, of North India, by her mother, Mrs. George H. Lee, of Newberg, Ore. It gives a vivid picture of the daily happenings in such a missionary's busy life, and of the constant demands upon her strength, patience and resourcefulness.

ALIGANJ, N. INDIA, December 16, 1918: We are settled comfortably in a little mango grove, but in a rather lonely place, a quarter of a mile from any house. I have with me Mrs. Paul, the native Christian woman and companion who has been cooking for me the past year and a half. We have a curtain through the middle of the tent, giving us separate bed and bathrooms. There is a fly over the whole, which makes a veranda in front, and serves as dining-room. Young Petum, aged sixteen, a bright, quick, cheerful chap who has been teaching for me, is with us; also Khalifa —an old patriarch—for sweeper; he stays at night, too, making four of us. The two latter, poor things, have to sleep out on the ground, so far. I hope to get a little tent for them.

It would have done you good to go with me yesterday four miles out in the country; not for the sake of the thorns in the road, and the puncture to be mended half way there, nor for the sake of the sand, but for the evidences of real

Christian faith and interest. Four, perhaps more, of the people, had been very low with influenza, and they say the Lord Jesus heard their prayers and brought them back from death's door. One had the perfume ready for her burial, another's grave was ready, and they look like skeletons.

In the tent at Aliganj; on the right, Miss Lee; on the left, Miss Laura Griswold, daughter of Rev. H. D. Griswold.

*December* 24.—What a goldmine of letters reached me yesterday, a dozen or more! I have just reveled in home. All your consolation for my woes—(real or imaginary) of last August, are thankfully received. I'm feeling better about things now. This cold puts the color into one's face, the spring into one's walk, and the hopefulness into one's heart.

I had a funny time tonight, I'll try to tell you about it, for such a combination of woes is so common here. But one can laugh about them in this cool weather.

First: I've been just a bit tired from a little lack of sleep for two nights; had to rise at four A. M. yesterday, also Sunday; reached home at eight P. M., Sunday, after eleven hours of village work (eight miles on good roads, seven miles on bad roads, and seven miles pushing my wheel through sand).

Second: I've just come back from Fatehgarh, where I left Mrs. Paul to spend Christmas with her two girls, so I've no cook.

Third: My washerman didn't come this morning as he promised.

Fourth: The baker didn't bring me bread when I was in Fatehgarh, as he promised, and it can't be had in this wilderness.

Fifth: My small boy, Petum, didn't meet me at the train, as he should have done, so there was no way to get my baggage out here from the train, nine miles away, as I came on my wheel, and didn't like to trust a strange *ekka* driver to bring it. My bedding was with the baggage but I'll put a rug off the floor over me if necessary to keep warm.

Sixth: I had nothing to eat in the camp, had to send to the bazaar and wait an hour and a half for the man to return.

Seventh: As I rode along the road four miles out—splendid road—I heard something like electric sparks in the wheels, felt for the electricity and found —thorns! both tires filled with them. The little dry heads snapped on hitting the ground. I left them in, and rode three miles before the back tire went flat.

Eighth: I started to make the Christmas stars for which I have carried the paper about with me for twelve days, but found that at the crucial moment it was not here, because Petum wasn't on hand to bring my baggage, so I couldn't make them. But there is a silver lining, for the old servant I left with the tent had hot bath-water ready for me without an order, and my drinking water was boiled, and the tent all right with everything in it. And, well! it's just good to be alive, you know. And 'tis a blessed Christmas Eve!

Tomorrow I plan to go to two or three villages where they promise to keep Christmas, and then back to Kaim Ganj, for Christmas dinner with Harriet, the two preachers, one teacher and their families. Oh! the people are so poor this year; not acres, but miles of fields are lying idle from sheer poverty, because the last crop failed for want of water. And they are saying that next year will be one of greater suffering than this.

*December* 29.—From eight A. M. till noon, Christmas Day, I picked out thorns from my wheel tires, and pasted on patches, and then stopped only because my patching rubber gave out. Seventy-two thorns and twenty-six patches on the back tube only. Then it held air and I put it in, and pumped it up, and pumped and pumped, and if I'd kept on till today it would have been no use. It was too late to go to both places I had planned for, so I had to give up the villages. I walked most of the twelve miles back here from Kaim Ganj the next morning, as the road was so bad I couldn't sit on an *ekka*. Yesterday we had a meeting and dinner for the Christians round about. Mr. Bandy and Miss Lockrow came and helped me. We had seventy people out, and a very good *julsa* (native Christian meeting).

Miss Lee examining little girls in reading.

*February* 2.—After so dry a season, at last we have had much rain. A heavy storm with hail came one night and the water poured into the tent; not overhead, but it was four inches deep underfoot. Fortunately no damage was done, and I walked out in the ice-cold water one hundred feet to a dry room. We have been in an open building ever since till the ground dries, are having the tents mended and the floors covered with a preparation containing coal tar and other things, making it safe against white ants; having deep trenches dug also. Today, as I sat in a grove eating my lunch and reading a tract I had for distribution, the words "and teach all nations" struck me almost like a thunderbolt. Here, less than three thousand miles from the place where Christ gave that command, nineteen hundred years after and almost nothing done! A crowd gathered about me in the grove, I gave out medicines and sang songs, and only a few had even heard the name of Jesus. It seems unthinkable, so long, and so little impression made.

*April* 3.—A week ago I was riding down a rough place on my wheel, my umbrella caught in the wheel and threw me. I bruised my shin, skinned it right along the bone, and it left me rather weak for about two hours. I had just left the house of some Christians, and it would have been hard for anyone to be more solicitous than they were. When I first went there the woman of the house, perhaps fifty years old, hid behind a wall, she was so afraid of me. But her fear soon vanished, and she helped bring me around after my hurt. I tried to get an *ekka* or ox cart to take me home, but when I found I couldn't, I suddenly revived, got up and rode the six miles home on my wheel.

*April* 6.—The Mission (unofficially) seems so opposed to my working alone here in poor neglected Aliganj, that I am preparing to go back to Kaim Ganj. This morning, eighteen came out to the church services, and there were very affection-

ate farewells. After the service was over, a young man of the place rose and said, "Let us pray," and he prayed at great length, especially for the Mem Sahib, who is going away tomorrow because there are so many other places to work.

Yesterday I was away from our family worship, a small boy was asked to take his turn, he is here in school and spends much time here in our home. He prayed: "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come. May Mem Sahib's purse be found. Amen. That's all!" My purse had disappeared a few days before, with seven or eight rupees in it. Today the thief was discovered and confessed. I have never had such fine examinations as recently. You know the teachers are paid for the number of pages the learners have read. I paid out sixty-four rupees to teachers, for the teaching I examined in two days. They have worked hard, and it worked me hard to keep up.

Mr. Bandy's work across the Ganges with the Chumars (leather workers) is being interfered with. There are nearly two hundred newly baptized people, but the Arya Samaj (reform Hindu) people have been fighting him tooth and nail and may get some or all of these Chumars away. We had thought if the opening among the Chumars has really begun there is no telling what the end may be, but now these Aryas have begun their attack on them, beating and persecuting them.

*May* 12.—I have been taking life very easy today. It is the only way when one gets worn out, for if too weary, the dirty clothing, the pigs squealing, the loud talking, and the seats without any back, more than all the awful ignorance, worse superstition, polygamy, buying and selling of women, idolatry, and curiosity about one's self—"how much is your salary?" "why aren't you married?"—and all the rest, are all one sees or hears, and one forgets about the good things. So it is a duty to rest. Yesterday I was made happy by having some women ask me for an extra service, and fifteen came out beside some men. I had made a trip out to Aliganj. The night before we had a good sing with the small drum they use for accompaniment, fifteen women were there also, and sang song after song. Christian songs that some of them had learned in school. So, slowly, slowly, evil is being overcome by good, and He is helping every moment.

*May* 18.—We have great cause to be thankful today, for last Tuesday, Dr. Woodward's life really seemed to be in danger. An infection in her little finger, from some bad operation, was causing fever and nausea, and the pain and inflammation was creeping up her arm. I knew it was time to act. I persuaded her to have Dr. Murkerjee, the fine Christian physician who is in Government Medical Service in Farrukhabad. He came, also Major Paymaster, a military physician, and it seemed almost miraculous to see

A little girl who has been reading in the school here, was looking at some pictures of the Life of Christ today, and said to me, "I wish I could see Jesus; did you ever see him, Mem Sahib?"

Women of Jelsa, Ati; Biblewoman in the middle with a *dholak*, or native drum, in front of her. Photo. by Mrs. B. T. Schuyler.

how much better she was the next day. The famous Dr. Pennel, of India Frontier fame, died in just that way.

And now, wonder of wonders! There is a man, Shanti Saroop, who has been the leader in the Arya Samaj work around here for several years,—a volcanic sort of man, rough and uneducated but powerful. I have told you of the opposition from the Aryas across the Ganges, where Mr. Bandy had baptized so many Chumars. This man has been the moving spirit in that opposition. But today he seems to be the most genuine sort of a penitent inquirer. Since the back of the potential rebellion seems to be broken, I am wondering if more men will not be coming out in this way.

Such a blazing day this has been, with a scorching, dusty, west wind—the *loo*—blowing most of the day!

## THE USEFUL IDOLS

Anna Stevens Reed

A weary man with a heavy load
Came to the foreigner's abode,
Laid a sack at his teacher's feet,
Making his new resolve complete.

"Sahib, look! I have brought them all,
The village idols, great and small,
They cannot help us, so you say,
And we have learned a better way.

"Sahib, make them into a bell;
And then these idols dumb shall tell
All who may hear the joyful sound
Where God's true worship may be found!"

(This occurred at Travancore, India.)

## What Influenza Has Meant in India

That awful pestilence, influenza, has ravaged India. Hardly any escaped the infection, which spread rapidly from place to place, and from person to person. Mysterious in its onset and in its effects, it caused a strange terror among the people. Often a whole family would be stricken down as by one wave of a deadly wand, so that all were helpless to attend to one another's needs. The other day I visited a family which was sorely afflicted. The father had died; then the eldest son, a young man, had died; the eldest daughter, a fine young woman, was lying at death's door (she has died since); three younger boys and a girl were recovering but very weak; while the old mother, with indomitable pluck and spirit, had borne the heavy burden of nursing the family and burying her dead. A gloomy pall seemed to hang over the country and every place we visited, we heard the women wailing the dead, according to the custom in the East. Here in Ludhiana, for several weeks my hands were full caring for the sick among the Christians. When the epidemic was at its worst, for days, I could not find sufficient helpers to dig the graves, carry the dead to the cemetery and perform the funeral ceremonies. It was weary work and heart-sickening.

(*Rev.*) *J. H. Orbison.*

Ludhiana.

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India surely was as poorly prepared for the influenza epidemic as any country could well be. She was taken when she was both hungry and cold. In North India the cold season was just beginning. For months before both cloth and grain had been at famine rates, and as a result thousands succumbed at once to this dreadful disease. Touring in the district was gruesome business. In every village there was wailing day and night. Little processions headed by the cold shrouded corpse borne on the shoulders of four men were to be seen everywhere. From distant villages there could be seen almost constantly two or three columns of smoke rising from the burning *ghats*.

Every village is now encircled with its little mounds of ashes and charred bones. But they were fortunate who had strength to bury their dead or the money to buy wood for their cremation. Literally hundreds were thrown out into the fields, or, as in our district was more frequent, into the canals and rivers. The whole toll for India is estimated at thirty-two millions. Chedda is a very warm hearted and faithful Christian. He and his large family are quite alone in his village, that is they are the only ones of their caste, and such a caste is his that no man of another caste may come near or touch him. Chedda, his wife, and five small children were all taken at once with the dread disease. There was no one to give them even a drink of water, let alone cook their food. The wife died. There was no one to call, or to help. The sick husband in some way managed to leave his bed and to roll his dead wife onto his back. Half crawling he crept with his awful burden to the little river almost dry and on its bare bank laid the mother of his little girls. Hundreds of others did likewise. Only a mile from my camp where a canal tributary crossed the main road, fourteen dead bodies were piled up on the abutments of the bridge. All of this is physical, but it is not difficult to trace a large portion of the physical misery to spiritual causes. Hinduism fundamentally prevents mutual helpfulness, and establishes a fear that prevents the receiving of even the help offered from without.

*An India Missionary.*

One of Dr. Allen's helpers in hospital work.

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Influenza hit India hard. They died at the rate of a million a month—and all so quietly, without complaint. You go into a village—almost all are on their beds—the dead are being carried out by those who can move. No one seems to help with medicine or nursing. It is fate and they accept it as such. Orphans are many. I have set up a children's ward. The Red Cross of Lahore is sending us blankets, sheets and other supplies, which they do not now need.

(*Dr.*) *Jessie R. Carleton.*

Ambala.

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We got back to India in October, and the first thing we did was for my little daughter and myself to get influenza. It was terrible out here. Millions died, some places no one left to bury or burn the dead, three and four dead in one house, the rivers were flooded with dead, they were even thrown into wells. It has now died down, but prices are so high that in many places they have famine to face. People are existing, not living.

(*Mrs. J. H.*) *Clara E. Lawrence.*

Mainpuri.

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It is estimated that not less than six millions in India died of influenza. It was the worst thing I have ever known; many more died of it than during either plague or cholera epidemics. We thought it was terrible as possible here in Etah, where medicine was to be had, even though the price was exorbitant. But the condition in the villages was far worse. A man told me of going into the house of a relative, and finding seven corpses. The only living creatures were two little girls, one was four, the other possibly two years old. Many little orphans or motherless babies, were given to us, children who would have come

in no other way. We had three babies under eight months' old; two died in spite of all our care; and there are a number between two and five years of age. Most of them came to us sick and wretched—many half starved. Of course they added greatly to my work, but the matron carried more of the actual labor than I did. One evening when a man came begging me to take his little baby girl, I went out and asked the matron what I should say. "Take her," she said, "I have been thinking that the reason God kept us well when nearly everyone else had influenza, was that I might take care of these children."

(*Miss*) *Mary P. Forman.*

ETAH.

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A SHADOW has been cast over us here by the death of Mr. and Mrs. McCuskey's youngest child, a charming boy of one-and-a-half years. He was taken ill on the train on the way here and though he was taken to the hospital in connection with the Woman's Christian College here, and everything possible done for him, God's will was to take him. He was laid away in the Mission cemetery just as the sun had set and the great, pale, full moon was beginning to shine through the trees. Some of the ladies prepared a dainty shirred white silk lining for the coffin as a last tribute to the little one, and an expression of sympathy to the stricken parents.

(*Mrs. J. H.*) *Lillie Campbell Orbison.*

LUDHIANA.

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MISS BENADE'S fiancé, Mr. Reed, died very suddenly last Sunday morning. He had a slight case of smallpox, but it evidently affected his heart, for the telegram said he died of heart trouble. We haven't heard any of the particulars. Miss Benade is coming here for a few days. Poor girl! This is a very hard blow to her.

(*Miss*) *Eva Jane Smith.*

LAHORE.

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OUR TERRIBLE wave of influenza in Fatehgarh seems to be practically over. In Farrukhabad, the pastor had five deaths and burials day before yesterday, and is now down with it again himself. One of the Rakha school girls is having it for the third time and very low. I was sitting in a house where a man had just died and was called to the next house. I went and began to visit, when I happened to look inside the door to a long form lying on the floor covered with a cloth. "What is this?" I asked. "She died last night," they said. In a few moments the unmistakable voice of wailing went up in the next house; three deaths in as many consecutive houses within a few hours. . . . I am sitting on a high stool in the doorless doorway of a house. Beside me sit two women on the floor. Nothing has been swept without or within. Beyond the two women lie the bodies of a father and son who died last night. Beyond the bodies, in a pile of rags, lies the wife of the man and her baby, both sick. Another man in the house is sick. One boy of fifteen is well. The graves are being dug out beyond the houses. The bodies will be covered with new cloth and lowered into graves about four feet deep. I will offer a prayer, then the men and boys will push the dirt and clods down with their hands and so they will be left. Tuesday I went to four funerals. One day I visited fifty patients. Last Monday I found a pretty young bride lying dying alone. A woman and children were lying sick outside the house, but there were others who could have cared for the dying girl.

(*Miss*) *Louisa Lee.*

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ABOUT the time the "flu" epidemic let up, along comes smallpox! I knew it was in the city and villages, but somehow thought little of it. But when I found we had a case in our own compound (a servant's child taken away to her home before we knew of it), I thought we must be vaccinated. The public vaccinator arrived with his assistant, and beginning with me, went down the line. Most of us "took," but none had much trouble, for which I was very thankful. We have had no more smallpox near us, and I trust now we shall have no more trouble.

HOSHIAPUR. (*Miss*) *Amanda Kerr.*

## CHANGES IN THE MISSIONARY FORCE

ARRIVALS:

At New York, June—Mrs. D. R. Edwards from Chile. Address, Box 60, Livingston, N.J.

July 5—Rev. and Mrs. Clarence S. Hoffman from Chosen. Address, 424 Linden Ave., Doylestown, Pa.

At Vancouver, July 15—Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Funk, from E. Persia.

At Seattle, July 21—Miss Elizabeth P. Milliken from Japan. Address, 300 S. Linden Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. A. T. Mills, Miss Anita Carter from Shantung. Address Sanitarium, Clifton Springs, N. Y.; Mr. S. J. Mills from Shantung. Address, care Mrs. Shipley, Walnut Lane, Haverford, Pa.

At Seattle, July 22—Rev. and Mrs. A. K. Whallon from N. China. Address, 103 Wentworth Ave., Wyoming, Cincinnati, Ohio.

At Vancouver, July 29—Dr. and Mrs. T. D. Sloan from Nanking, China. Address, Alderson, W. Va.; Mrs. Lawrence Thurston from Nanking. Address, care Miss Calder, 14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

August—Rev. Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Shoemaker from Central China. Address, 5557 Lawton Ave., Oakland, Cal.

At San Francisco, Aug. 1.—Rev. Dr. C. H. Fenn from N. China (Mrs. Fenn already in this country). Address 12 S. Sacramento Ave., Ventnor, N. J.

DEPARTURES:

From New Orleans, July 3—Rev. and Mrs. Paul Burgess, returning to Guatemala.

From New York, July 5—Miss A. B. Fairbank, to join the W. India Mission.

From Vancouver, July 10—Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Hall, returning to the Philippines; Dr. and Mrs. O. T. Logan, returning to Hunan; Miss H. E. Pollard, returning to Chosen.

From New York, July 12—Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Schwab, Dr. and Mrs. A. B. Lippert, returning to Africa; Mr. G. C. Beanland, returning to, and Mrs. Beanland, to join the W. Africa Mission.

From New York, July 15—Miss Jane Morrow, returning to Colombia.

From Vancouver, July 24—Miss Bessie C. McCoy, Dr. Eliza E. Leonard, returning to N. China.

From San Francisco, July 25—Rev. and Mrs. A. M. Cunningham, returning to N. China; Miss F. E. Davidson, returning to, Miss V. M. Mackenzie, Miss M. V. Alexander, to join the Japan Mission.

From San Francisco, July 26—Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Shannon, returning to Hainan; Rev. and Mrs. T. H. Montgomery, returning to Shantung.

From Seattle, Aug. 5—Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Crooks, returning to, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Reichel, to join the N. Siam Mission.

From San Francisco, Aug. 6—Rev. and Mrs. L. S. Hanna, returning to N. Siam.

From Vancouver, Aug. 7—Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Roys, Miss Margaret Frame, returning to Shantung.

From San José, Aug. 16—Miss Cora M. Smith, to join the Chile Mission.

From San Francisco, Aug. 22—Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Winter, returning to Shantung. Mrs. E. L. Mattox, returning to Central China; Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Althaus, returning to Hunan; Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Barnes, to join the Kiangan Mission; Rev. and Mrs. M. Q. Stevenson, to join the N China Mission; Rev. and Mrs. J. Y. Crothers, returning to Chosen; Rev. and Mrs. H. G. Romig, Rev. and Mrs. G. F. Browne, returning to, Dr. and Mrs. C. Buswell, to join the Shantung Mission; Miss J. L. Leavitt, returning to, Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Lamott, Rev. and Mrs. R. R. Murphy, to join the Japan Mission; Rev. and Mrs. B. B. Bronson, Rev. and Mrs. R. I. McConnell, Miss E. Van Vranken, to join the N. Siam Mission; Rev. and Mrs. A. G. Seigle, to join the S. Siam Mission; Mrs. E. Wachter, returning to S. Siam.

From Vancouver, Aug. 23—Rev. Dr. and Mrs. J. N. Hayes, Miss Lois D. Lyon, returning to Central China; Miss M. K. Winchester, Miss Caroline E. Taber, to join the N. China Mission; Miss Susan F. Eames, re-appointed to Shantung; Mrs. J. N. Forman, returning to, Miss H. A. Downs, Miss W. E. Eustis, to join the N. India Mission; Miss C. L. Newton, returning to, Miss M. H. Black, Miss Carol Coman, Miss M. E. Ewing, Mr. and Mrs. N. L. Ramsey, Rev. L. J. Wright, to join the Punjab Mission; Rev. and Mrs. E. J. Hendrix, Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Stevens, to join the W. India Mission.

MARRIAGE:

August 14—Miss Helen Dunn and Dr. John H. Daniels, both appointed to the Kiangan Mission.

RESIGNATIONS:

Mrs. Ira Harris, of the Syria Mission. Appointed 1884.

Rev. and Mrs. F. W. Bible, of the Central China Mission. Appointed 1904.

Miss Minta L. Ellington, of the Hunan Mission. Appointed 1910.

DEATH:

At Valparaiso, Aug. 10—Rev. W. H. Lester, D.D., of the Chile Mission. Appointed 1882.

# A Day With the Villagers

Grace L. Enright

The big clock in our dining-room strikes half past five, and I open rather sleepy eyes in the gray dawn of a cheerless morning in the rains. Though the clouds hang low, it is not raining yet on this particular day, and we hope it will not, for a trip is planned to Kahanvadi, a tiny hamlet eight miles out. Soon we hear on the veranda the light tread of bare feet and the jingle of glass bracelets announce the arrival of the two faithful Biblewomen. The tonga driver, with his two sturdy little Indian ponies, is waiting at the door, and after a short period of prayer for blessing on the work of the morning, with travelling rugs and umbrellas to protect us from the probable rain, we take the road. Tongas have no rubber tires. We jolt along over the uneven roads, with frequent collisions with the top of the tonga. But the air is crisp and cool, fields are green with waving grain; in one large garden of stately palm trees peacocks spread their beautiful plumage, and the air is full of cheerful sounds as the world begins another day. So, along the road, past the little railway station, through two small villages, across a shallow stream, we go on our way. It is not our first visit.

This village does not care for us or our Gospel, but we hope and pray and work, and wait for hearts to change.

We are almost there now, the little gray houses look cheerless in the mud and wet. We splash across a small stream, up a steep bank, and stop at the entrance to the village near a small, dirty rest-house. We alight from the tonga, pick our way across the muddy road, through a mixture of carts, cooking vessels, bundles of ragged clothing and the inevitable village dogs, crawl under a low railing and seat ourselves in the cleanest spot we can find on the floor. A man, wrapped in a blanket, in one corner, a woman cooking the morning meal over a tiny fire, a man crouched in the mud among the carts, a very dirty baby, and three or four dirty, half-clothed children, survey us with stupid, sullen faces. As we sing a Christian hymn to a rousing tune, a few more people gather and some interest is shown as we speak to them of their need and of an all-sufficient Saviour. We are almost through with our appeal when two women come up. One is groaning with pain and walks feebly, leaning on her old mother, who carries

Primary class having a Bible lesson at Ludhiana Boys' School. Photo. by Rev. Henri R. Ferger.

"Victory Day" at Gwalior; the British

an infant in her arms. The younger woman drops moaning upon the ground. The old mother shows us the baby, bŏrn only a few hours before, and this is the young mother dragged here to ask for alms. The husband has been dead two months. We tell the old woman to take the mother and child away, make them as comfortable as she can and we will see them later. Our hearts ache for the poor young mother as she creeps slowly away. From this painful scene we turn to the children, eight of them, all boys, with childhood's happiness of spirit which nothing can subdue. We tempt them to learn a Scripture verse by the promise of bright-colored cards. There is much wavering and shyness. These strange words may be some mysterious magic for making Christians of them, or bringing some other dire evil upon them. However, with much coaxing, one boy dares to say, "While we were yet sinners Christ died for us." He receives the promised reward and does not fall down dead, nor is he spirited away to some unknown place, so the other boys gain courage and all repeat the verse several times and earn their picture-cards. Their confidence too, has been gained. Not many here can read, but we sell a few Gospel portions and then, with the children trooping after us, we wend our way along a narrow path across a muddy field to the gipsy tents, where the young mother lives. Those gipsy tents! Some made of reeds and some of old quilts thrown over upright poles—these last with no side walls, providing little shelter against rain and wind. Huddled together in these crude tents, on the rain-soaked ground, are men, women and children, dogs, goats, bundles of ragged clothing, bedding, etc. In one of these tents we found the young mother. On seeing us she crawled to our feet again and begged for alms. We persuaded her to lie down and made her as comfortable as possible, but were obliged to leave her, shivering and moaning, with her baby. It was useless to advise her being taken anywhere. They were going on in a day or two to

sident "At Home," Nov. 27, 1918.

another camp, moving toward their objective, the Konkan. In another tent lay an old woman helpless. She had been ill with rheumatism for three months, but the old husband only shook his head when I told them to go to Miraj Hospital, only six miles away. These people are ignorant and fear to leave their crude manner of living and their own people. They listened with attention to the Gospel message, the whole camp gathering around us, and said that "it was good." One or two of the children could read a little and eagerly bought Gospel portions. We left them in their poor camp, brightened a little by the Gospel message, the Gospel portions, and the bright cards we had distributed, and went away back again over the rough road, through the green and the wet, to our comfortable bungalow, to remember often those whose lot, both in temporal and spiritual things, is so different from ours.

SANGLI.

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"INDIA is the land where liberty and license run wild. The poor farmer, after hard labor and long hours, nearly always has to share up his scanty crops. A sleek, fat bull will quietly walk up, take his fill and be driven off by no one. He is *sacred* and to kill him would be worse than killing a man. He goes where he likes, eating when and what he wants. He often eats all the grain and vegetables that a poor woman has carried miles to market on her head, and she is too terrified to drive him away. For reasons known only to himself, he even wanders unconcernedly through the cloth market, adding to its confusion. He grows up fat and contented, stands about in the middle of the streets and is almost too lazy to move out of one's way. To a pious Hindu *all life* is sacred and man has no right to destroy any creature. Millions of bugs eat the farmer's plants, but he must not touch them. The porcupines dig up his few potatoes. The mischievous monkey climbs his palm trees and pelts him with his own cocoanuts when angry. Even deadly snakes may crawl near his house and be treated to milk, of which they are very fond. For all these animals are supposed to contain the souls of some of their ancestors, and if they were killed, the soul would have to wander around as ghosts until they found another habitation."

LUDHIANA. (*Rev.*) *J. H. Orbison.*

# Another Child Wife

Mrs. C. H. Bandy

Jai Mauni was eight years old. She played all day with her baby brother on her hip. She wore only a skirt and went through the bazaar and everywhere else playing, playing with the children. One day some strange men came and talked with her father. She was very happy for she heard what they said about her. They thought that she was pretty and healthy and good, just the girl for Munghi's wife. Before the men went away they had some bracelets put on her arms, and she was so happy to hear them jingle that she played more than ever and loved her little brother more and more.

Her parents were very happy with her, for was she not bringing them a good sum of money? After many visits from these men and much talk which Jai Mauni did not understand, a great and happy day came. Many women came to help cook good, sweet things. Many men and boys came to sing and smoke and eat. Many pretty bracelets, and clothes and toe-rings, anklets and earrings were put on Jai Mauni. She had never worn a *chaddar* (head shawl), but now two were put on her at once. After several nights of dancing and playing, in all of which Jai Mauni seemed to be "Queen of the May," she was put on an ox with her bundle of new clothes and led away by these men. She began to cry and scream and wanted to take her little brother. Her mother ran with the baby after her screaming and crying. The men liked to have her mother do this, for then everybody would see what a good child they were getting and how her mother loved her. When they got through the town, they sent the mother home. Poor little Jai Mauni screamed and cried till she was hoarse and her head and eyes ached. Then she sobbed and sobbed.

All day they went along the dry, hot road. When night came she was handed down to her mother-in-law. All the village women came to see her. They saw her swollen face and eyes and they said it was a bad bargain. She was not pretty. They opened her bundle and sneered that her father had been so stingy as to send so few clothes. These neighbors came to eat and dance and have a good time, for had not Munghi's wife come? Jai Mauni was so tired and sick and sad that she crept off in a corner and went to sleep. She couldn't open her eyes when she awoke. The crying, heat and sand had made them swell shut. For days they hurt. She cried more and listened to her mother-in-law tell everybody, the neighbors and visitors, how useless she was. Her good clothes were taken off and just a skirt put on her. She was happy and thought now she might play again. But they put a coarse shawl over her head and when she did not cover her face and eyes with it her mother-in-law slapped her and called her shameless. She was made to draw and carry water; to grind the heavy stone-mill; she was told to cook the bread; and when she burned and spoiled it, she was beaten and called good for nothing.

She sobbed herself to sleep every night. She wanted her little brother. She wanted to play. Her little bones ached with grinding and work. Her mother had sometimes combed her hair. Now, weeks had gone by and no one combed her hair. She went to sleep and waked up with only one thought, "Oh, if I could see my little brother! He loves me, no one else does." Months went by and she learned to cook, but the smoke hurt her eyes and they would not get well. Vermin came in her hair and her head got sore. She became more loathsome to herself and more unhappy and hopeless.

"No one loves me! Oh, if I could die! Shall I jump in the well when I go tomorrow to draw water? Yes, that is what I will do." Then she fell asleep and dreamed she had her little brother on her hip and was playing again. If she jumped in the well she could never have her little brother again. Anyway

she would not jump in the well until the next time her mother-in-law beat her.

The next evening Sahib and Memsahib (the missionary and his wife) came. They had seen little Jai Mauni at her mother's. They came to have a meeting. The mother-in-law, Munghi, and all the men and boys came and sat down and said, "Oh, Sahib, sing! Memsahib, please teach us to sing."

"All right, come close, all of you. Are you all here? Yes? Well, we will sing; 'Jesus Loves Me.'"

"Oh, wait," said Memsahib. "Who is that inside? All are not here."

"Never mind," said they all at once. "That is only the *bahoo* (daughter-in-law). She is cooking. She doesn't need to come."

"What! Is that Jai Mauni? She must come. We cannot sing until she comes."

The mother-in-law tried to keep the missionary back, but she went to the forsaken child. Poor little Jai Mauni, in the joy of the moment she jumped into Memsahib's arms as her little brother would have jumped into her arms. Afraid to speak she only uncovered her head a moment and pointing to the swollen eyes, sore head and matted hair, whispered, "Tell mother." Then she dared to speak above a whisper and asked, "How is my little brother?"

In a few days Jai Mauni's father brought her home. That father and mother were told of the law against marrying girls under twelve years of age. For fear of the law they decided to keep Jai Mauni at home at least four years longer. She was cleaned up and cured and allowed to play again and to love her baby brother and help her mother. A teacher went to the neighborhood to teach Jai Mauni and other children of the village to read and sing, to work and to keep their hair. When Jai Mauni is old enough she will be a good happy little wife, for she is intelligent and affectionate.

Carrying the baby in the India hills. Photo. by Miss Mary C. Helm.

In an extract from a letter of mine in the June number of Woman's Work, mention was made of the choice of an Indian Christian gentleman, Dr. S. K. Datta, by the Board of Directors of the Forman Christian College, to succeed Dr. Ewing as President of that institution, when after thirty years in that office, the latter went to other work. After seriously considering the offer for six weeks, Dr. Datta decided that his immediate engagements with the Y. M. C. A., under which he had been working for four years, for the Indian Troops in France, precluded his accepting the Presidency of the College. Dr. Datta is a good Presbyterian, and was much drawn to such a return to his Alma Mater, where he was a Professor for five years before the war. He was married on July 21st to Miss Rena Carswell, a Scotch lady, who is well-known in Y. W. C. A. circles in the United States and Great Britain, also in India, where she was National Secretary until her marriage. Rev. Edmund D. Lucas is now President of this College.

Lahore. (*Mrs. J. C. R.*) *J. S. Ewing.*

The Leper Asylum is fuller than ever. We have been fortunate in getting hold of an active young Indian Christian doctor who cares for the lepers in excellent fashion. He is giving injections of chaulmoogra oil to forty-two lepers, and already the improvement in some cases is most marked.

Allahabad. *Sam Higginbottom.*

# CONSCRIPTS OF CONSCIENCE

Caroline Atwater Mason

I

On the upper deck of the U. S. transport *Cumberland,* west bound, just after sunset of a winter day, a girl in white uniform with the caduceus and cape of the Red Cross, was pacing the deck alone.

As she turned each time on reaching the very brief limit she appeared to have set for her walk, this girl's eyes fixed themselves on the closed white door of a deck cabin bearing the number 55. Her glance was keen, her step firm, her fresh color suited to the vivid lining of her semi-military cape. The minutes passed, the watcher was growing manifestly uneasy as she moved on beyond the white door for the hundredth time, when a voice behind her called "Kate!" The girl wheeled quickly, coming back upon her tracks to meet the speaker, who saluted her with the cool comment,

"How long have you been prowling? and why?"

Kate Quimby's color was heightened as she met her mate, who was indeed well worth waiting for, any one would say,—a girl taller than herself and more distinguished although younger, her fine little head uncovered, her movements boyishly unconscious but full of angular grace. This girl wore a blue uniform, dull and faded; a tiny striped ribbon was fastened on her breast.

"I told you I should be here, Merle," the other said with emphasis, "because I propose tonight that you shall go down to dinner, that you shall see something beside the walls of your stateroom. Now hurry down, but don't hurry back! I shall keep my ear at the keyhole, trust me for that and the nurse is all right. How are things going?"

"Not so badly. The poor old dear has been seasick and it seems to occupy her mind."

"What a good idea! Now run along."

The young woman called Merle by her friend because her name was Mary Earle, was obviously, however, in no hurry for dinner, for she put her hand through the other's arm and drew her over to the ship's rail. The sea was running fresh and strong. The sun had set and a gradation of delicate color from the sea's horizon line ranged through rose and pale yellow to the blue above where a great planet hung, faintly luminous.

"How can anything be so calm as this sky and sea, seeing the chaos which men have made of the earth?" murmured Kate Quimby.

"Oh, I don't know," replied her friend musingly; "perhaps it may strike you that way. I've an idea it will be harder for me to stand the un-seeing people when we get home than this aloofness of—" here she broke off. Two persons were passing, very small and feminine persons, clad in silk as padded and soft as their footsteps.

"Who are they?" Mary Earle asked when they were out of hearing. "Chinese students?"

"Yes, medical. Also Christian."

"Good! Where are they to go?"

"Philadelphia, I believe."

"Oh," plainly disappointed. "You don't suppose there's a chance they might know my little Ilien Siu?"

"Hardly, you know China is fairly well populated. But now, Merle, don't stop for any more meditation. The stewards will have the whole dinner outfit swept by the board."

"Kate! If I should lose my ice cream!" with which Mary Earle, laughing mock dismay, made a dash for the companion-way.

Entering the gaily lighted dining saloon below for the first time since they had left Havre, three days since, Mary followed a steward who led her to her place on the right hand of Dr. Frazier, the ship's surgeon, whom she knew. He rose to receive and welcome her, then presented to her Captain Preston, the gentleman at her left. The chair opposite her was unoccupied.

Having advised her seriously regarding the weak and strong points of the *menu* and set the steward flying to bring the lady of the best, Dr. Frazier proceeded to question Dr. Earle (for so he addressed her), regarding her patient, Miss Wallace, the head of the nurses in her medical unit. As Captain Preston was thoroughly interested in his dinner and as there was no one to be interested in their conversation, Dr. Frazier was able to discuss the case professionally for a moment with the girl in the faded French uniform, whom he treated with conspicuous regard as a professional equal. Mary, however, had not fully completed her medical course, but, having entered the service in France technically as a qualified nurse, she had been pressed into the work of an army doctor by reason of the great need and of her manifest professional skill.

Low-voiced and reticent, Mary had now gone so far as to admit to war neurasthenia approaching shellshock as diagnosis, when, glancing up she became aware that into the chair at Dr. Frazier's left there was slipping at the moment a young lady in airy evening dress—to her unaccustomed eyes a rare and radiant vision. Dr. Frazier concealed an instant's sense of disappointment at the interruption as he rose once more to do his *devoir* and introduced Dr. Earle, of Springfield, Massachusetts, to Miss Chilton, of Tarrytown, New York.

Miss Chilton, of Tarrytown, Mary Earle perceived, was young and of personal radiance matching well her attire. Mary noted brown hair parted Madonna-wise over a wide brow, large eyes meditative in their survey, and an innocent, child-like mouth.

"I am so glad you have shown yourself at last, Dr. Earle!" the newcomer exclaimed with an artless laugh. "I have had the most immense curiosity to see you." Her eyes stole to the tiny ribbon on Mary's severe blue tunic. "To think of at last meeting a life-sized war heroine," and Miss Chilton sighed wistfully.

Ignoring all this, but good-humoredly, Mary asked in a matter-of-fact tone, "Are you not

the Miss Chilton of whom I heard as connected with the Red Cross Canteen work over near Compiègne?"

"Yes, I have been connected with a canteen there until they sent me home, to my sorrow," and Miss Chilton shook her head pensively, but a deep flush crept from her throat up to her temples, betraying a certain confusion which neither of her companions appeared to observe.

Mary Earle, having achieved and finished the wished-for ice-cream, rose with a word of excuse and passed from the dining saloon. As she essayed the lowest step of the companion-way it developed a sudden tendency to rise up and overthrow her; accordingly she was not ungrateful to find her right arm firmly supported by Captain Preston. Unnoticed by her he had come from the table behind her.

"Some sea on tonight, Doc!" he remarked jocosely.

Mary knew the type too well to be annoyed; her fastidiousness had been humanized by two years in the war-zone of France.

"Glad you girls shed the light of your countenance on us at last at the table. We'll have it a little livelier after this I guess. Ain't that Miss Chilton a bird though?"

Mary laughed frank acquiescence. They had reached the second deck now and she was for hastening forward to the aft-stair which would lead directly to her stateroom on the deck above. Captain Preston followed. Far down the dimly lighted recesses of the second cabin, as they overlooked it for a moment, she noted casually a solitary man's figure moving, a tall man with bent head, albeit military outline. There was nothing in the sight to arouse her interest; the ship carried some hundreds of returning soldiers, the greater part wounded, but she was startled by an exclamation at once astonished and exultant from the Captain.

They had reached the upper deck now and Mary was aiming straight for the door of Number 55. At his exclamation she halted, glacing at him questioningly.

"The mysterious Major!" he ejaculated. "As I live, the mysterious Major! I vow I am not mistaken. I know him by his square shoulders if nothing else and the way he drops his head down. But the coincidence! That's what I'd call an A number one coincidence. The two of 'em at a time!" and he chuckled at the notion.

Mary, anxious now for return to her patient, did not stop for questions, but the obvious uncomprehension of her look brought challenge from the Captain.

"What! you haven't even heard of the Major?"

"Not a word."

"Gracious! then the whole thing is lost on you. Say," as she would have vanished from sight, "it's time for you to come out of your den and find out what they're talking about on board the *Cumberland*. I don't say but what you're an M. D. all right, but you're just straight girl for aught I can see all the same."

"And I'm not an M. D. either when you come to that," Mary called back from the threshold of Number 55, "not by six months."

The Captain looked after her a moment with a puzzled expression, then started on his after-dinner twenty-times round of the deck, enjoying the flavor of a freshly lighted cigar, as well as that of his "A Number One Coincidence."

II

At the end of a week Miss Wallace was so far improved as to occupy a deck chair near her cabin door; also to insist upon both her doctor and regular nurse taking an afternoon off. This insistence being reinforced by Kate Quimby, who established herself in charge for the rest of the day, the nurse promptly vanished and Mary Earle, with backward glances of lingering solicitude at her patient, betook herself to a nook which she had often longed to make her own for even one hour. This was on the promenade deck, a narrow, fixed bench in a niche at the ship's stern where no one seemed to pass.

To be alone and still, and for the whole afternoon if it suited her! Mary Earle threw wide her arms, tipped her head back against the hard white superstructure behind her and laughed audibly, so delicious was the sensation. Presently her mental exercises were running on this fashion.

"I'm going to think about anything I like. . . . Let's see, clothes would be interesting. How pretty that girl was last night in her light evening dress. Wouldn't it be fun to 'dress up' again like that? I suppose I shall when I get home. . . . I shall certainly have some new things. Lucia will help if mother is too busy and of course she will be. . . . I wonder if she will have to preside at Daughters or Dames the day I get home . . . I wonder if dear grandmother will be at a missionary meeting when I arrive. Those engagements never could be set aside, I remember, for any event. I imagine I shall be rather an event for a day or two. . . . I wonder if Paul's youngsters will really play with those toys in my trunk or whether they will just admire them. Children are so terribly polite . . . also uncertain. . . . Probably Lucia will never wear that scarf. It cost a lot, but she hardly ever fancied the things I do . . . I wish I had had a glimpse of that surgeon they call 'the mysterious Major,' yesterday when Wallace corralled him. Poor fellow! I suppose he thought he could get by one lone woman and reach the Captain's cabin unobserved—she looking so much like a mummy. It wasn't fair of her. How could she intercept him, knowing that he wishes to escape all that? It wasn't a bit like Wallace, dear old soul, but then, she's not a bit like herself, that mustn't be forgotten, not for a minute. All the same it was cruel. . . . Still I wonder if it is so very bad, after all, as she said. . . . I have seen things that must be worse. You don't mind if you can help. Let that go! How stupid to pretend to myself that I want to think! What I really want is not to think at all, then I shan't mind not being so happy as I ought to be . . . and having always this senseless weight on my heart. . . . I hate myself for it but I can't get rid of it. And I thought it would be the seventh heaven

(*Continued on p.* 210)

# The Book Stall

JUBILEE PROGRAMS RECRUITING POSTERS

ARE YOU ABLE TO NAME YOUR BOARD'S JUBILEE LITERATURE?

*The War Came to India Bringing Gifts,* by Oscar MacMillan Buck.
*Suggestions for Leaders* of Mission Study Classes using *A Crusade of Compassion Reconstruction,* Bible Study Course for Westminister Guilds, by Julia Bronson, 5 cents.
*The Golden Gifts of the Westminster Guild,* presented by General Council.

## THINGS SIAMESE AND THINGS MISCELLANEOUS

*Side Lights on Siam,* 5 cts., by Mrs. John A. Cole, is a leaflet giving definite, concrete information about Siam, its king, its government, its people, its occupations and its eleven stations under the Presbyterian Board. And what do you know of these eleven stations? They are important because of what they do now and, as Mrs. Cole says, because of their "influence which will continue to extend as long as the heart of the Presbyterian Church in America gives it life and power."

### SIAM

*Hospitals in Siam,* with a new Supplement, 3 cts.
*A Summer with the Tai People of Yunan,* 6 cts.
*Child Life Among the Laos,* 2 cts. *Kania,* 2 cts.
*A Faithful Follower,* 2 cts. *Question Book,* 5 cts.
Two Chinese Impersonations by Dr. William K. Hall.
*Six Thousand a Year Plus Rice,* 5 cts.
*The Weed Gatherers,* 5 cts.

*Suey Ching — Lost and Found,* 3 cts., by Mrs. W. F. Geldert. Just one of the many little Chinese girls who, in spite of the immigration laws, are imported to America for evil purposes. A story with a real movie plot. Thrills from the beginning to the end! The receipt of an anonymous letter leads, through all the police court experiences, to rescue and happiness. It closes with the picture of the brave little heroine standing alone to declare her faith.

## THE CHILDREN'S GOLDEN JUBILEE CAMPAIGN

It is due to the children that they should have a large part in the great reconstruction of the world which follows the war. This year of the Golden Jubilee will stand for much in their lives if we help them to celebrate it with energy consecrated to the high purposes of mission work—if we direct that great force which is waiting within them for expression. The most important bit of work that is really Children's Work for Children is to put every family in the Church in touch with the only Junior Presbyterian missionary magazine, *Over Sea and Land.* This magazine, replete with helpful suggestions and information about mission fields, and pictures of life in foreign and home lands, is now 35 cents a year.

Get the Circular from Your Board!

This Campaign has been planned to spur the children on in their work of introducing the magazine to their friends. It is, in brief, a contest among children under captains and lieutenants, somewhat in the nature of the great "drives" for money with which adults are now so familiar. The publicity given to mission work, and to *Over Sea and Land,* in particular, through these drives, will extend into many an apathetic household and awaken a live and vital interest among old and young. It cannot fail of awakening not only outside interest but, in showing the little workers themselves the value of intelligent action, will make for great efficiency when it comes their turn to undertake great work for missions.

Start the Ball Rolling!

Programs for Women's Societies, Theme, "Go Forward," 6 cts.
New York Special—World Friendship Stamps, 50 cts., for Junior C. E. and Light Bearers.

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(*Continued from p.* 209)

to be homeward bound . . . There! I feel a tear racing down each of my cheeks. Heaven alone knows why . . . Silly to lie just to myself! I do know perfectly. . . . *It is so awful to dread to go home and I do.* . . . Now I have made by confession perhaps I shall have peace . . . a little peace . . . There is no use in laying everything to being tired. We were cold and hungry and muddy and dead for want of sleep most of the time, but that was nothing. Life was worth while and we loved it. . . . Can I make it worth while now on the old lines? I used to think just to devote myself to my profession was a little bit plucky, itself. It wasn't. Now, the big motive being taken out of the work, I see well enough that at home what I was really after was to make my living by a line on which I had some chance to distinguish myself, since the bent was in the blood. . . . Just the old unending *ego* that never is really beaten. Oh, God, make me bigger than I am! I can't go back to take on the social competings and perpetual strivings to 'make good.' —that cheap old self-sufficient program. . . I believe I have almost forgotten how to pray —except for my patients—but about that, Christ understands. Lord, Thou knowest all things . . . Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee . . . "

(*Continued in November*)

# HOME DEPARTMENT

## Four Minute Jubilee Talk

(Mrs. Walter L.) Jean Carr Wright

In our May issue we asked our readers to send us their ideas of a suitable four-minute Jubilee Talk. In response to this request a number of interesting suggestions were received. These were carefully considered by those in charge of Jubilee plans and the unanimous decision was that the requirements were best met by Mrs. Wright. We give her suggestion to our readers and are sending to the author the small prize which was offered.—Editor.

What does Jubilee mean? It is a Hebrew word meaning "The blast of a trumpet."

What did the blast of the Jubilee trumpet mean to the people of God?

The day of Atonement is almost over; the sacrifices have been offered; the people are waiting in solemn gladness for the trumpet blast proclaiming that another fifty years has gone by and the year of Jubilee has come. The condemned prisoner in his cell hears that blast and hope springs anew in his breast. The slave hears it and shouts for joy that he is free. The oppressed ones hear it and a great burden is lifted from their souls. The wanderer and the broken-hearted hear it and return to the loved home of their fathers. The weary tiller of the soil hears it and looks up with glad trust to claim his heavenly Father's promise of a year of rest. The rich brown soil of the land hears it and obeys as of old the command of the Creator. O blessed year of Jubilee, bringing such gifts to the sons of men!

Many Jubilee years come and go; and at last Isaiah's wonderful prophecy is fulfilled and Jesus the Redeemer stands in the synagogue at Nazareth reading the lesson. Listen to the gracious words: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord. . . . This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears!"

The coming of Christ to the world is *our* Jubilee, proclaiming the acceptable years of the Lord, fulfilling all the gracious promises of God. Our great Redeemer pays the price for us with His own body on the cross; and brings His people back from the slavery of sin to the glorious liberty of the children of God.

Let us turn our faces from the far East to this great Western continent with its teeming millions; and watch their eager faces as they listen to the trumpet blast of the New Era. The message is the same as echoed over the Judæan hills, sounding out to the world with a deep spiritual meaning today after the passing of centuries.

We claim the fulfilment of the same gracious promises through Jesus Christ; acceptance of the atonement, forgiveness of sins, redemption of souls, burdens rolled away, rest and peace to the weary and heavy-laden, spiritual hunger fed by the word of God, spiritual thirst quenched by the water of life, divine comfort from the Holy Spirit, a divine inspiration to proclaim freedom from sin through Jesus Christ to all the world.

How shall we approach our Jubilee year? As did God's people of old, with the sacrifice of a broken and contrite heart offered from the nation and the individual. We confess with shame our past years of self-seeking; of neglect of God's commandments; of breaking of His laws; of great waves of infidelity among His followers; of unspeakable greed among nations and individuals; of awful oppression of the weak by the strong and of the poor by the rich; of

the martyrdom of missionaries and native Christians in foreign lands; of the desecration of the Sabbath; of spiritual wickedness in high places; of the lust for power which inspired the awful war we have just passed through with its revolting cruelties and loss of life; of the hideous liquor traffic legalized by Christian voters. The burden of the past is rolled away when the Jubilee trumpet sounds!

Through it all we can see God leading His people by wonderful, mysterious ways, making them the leaven of Christianity in the world. We "bless the Hand that guided," we "bless the heart that planned" and pledge ourselves to follow our great Leader while life shall last.

Are there any of the redeemed ones who will refuse to participate in this Jubilee? Will any blood-bought soul turn a deaf ear to the gracious words of the Redeemer? Beloved of the Lord, let us praise God for mountains of mercy and goodness to us; let us take courage from the victories of the past fifty years over all the world through the soldiers of the Cross. Our Church, through its Home and Foreign Mission Boards, has outlined a great and wonderful campaign for the preaching of the Gospel from sea to sea.

May there be no "slackers" in our army!

May we gladly answer the summons of the Jubilee trumpet!

COMRADES, ENLIST NOW!

LINCOLN UNIVERSITY, PA.

## A FOUR-MONTH WORK AND STUDY PROGRAM FOR WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETIES

PARALLELING PROGRAM OF NEW ERA MOVEMENT

### September-October-November-December

SEPTEMBER—INVENTORY MONTH

*Organization*

Check up number of women in church, number in missionary society. Let results placed on poster, chart, or blackboard, speak to the women of the church.

Make a survey of the number and membership of the young people's organizations. Display results on posters showing number of societies, membership, percentage of attendance and young people not belonging to any young people's society.

*Finances*

Check up amounts already received on total apportionment for 1919-1920.

Check up amounts still to be received before the end of the year.

Use chart and any other devices to make figures graphic.

*Goals*

Adopt definite goals for the year after survey:

Membership—Why not 100 per cent. of the women in the church?

Attendance—Instead of one-half why not three-quarters of the contributing membership?

Mission study classes on both the Home and Foreign textbooks.

Organization of new societies, young people's and children's.

Organization of Department for Associate Members.

Number of subscriptions to magazines. Instead of 50 per cent. why not 100 per cent. of the society subscribing to each magazine?

Regular work and New Era Increase pledged and met.

Special undertakings for your society, what shall they be?

Year Book of Prayer for Missions owned and used by every member of the society.

OCTOBER—RALLY MONTH

Every woman of the Church invited.

*Present Big Church Movements—Interchurch and New Era*

See *New Era Magazine*, January—entire issue. February—page 74, New Era Objectives. March—page 120; Interchurch World Movement of North America. April—page 196, Women United by past preparation of the New Era Opportunity; page 171, Bases of the New Era Appeal. May—page 238, Interchurch World Movement. August—page 474, Pastors Report Results of the New Era Movement.

WOMAN'S WORK and *The Home Mission Monthly*, back numbers of the last year.

Show how work of your missionary society has its definite place in these movements.

Present goals adopted at September meeting as society's obligations. Display posters on membership; have three-minute review of Home and Foreign textbooks showing responsibility of Church and problems presented by Americanization and Church's contribution to "healing of the nations."

Give result of survey on need for young people's organizations and make definite plans, selecting leaders for developing these plans.

Present briefly regular and special work (Secure literature for regular work from Women's Boards of Missions.)

Group membership of society to carry out above program, including group on publicity.

NOVEMBER—HOME MISSIONS

Make an intensive study of Home Missions historically, geographically and racially; extent and kind of present work. Use Thompson's *History of Home Missions; The Soul of America,* literature and posters of the Woman's Board of Home Missions.

Study intensively *Christian Americanization,* by Brooks, with definite application of its teaching to your state, country, city, or town.

Observe Week of Prayer. (Secure program from Woman's Board of Home Missions and posters from Council of Women for Home Missions.)

DECEMBER—FOREIGN MISSIONS

Study the Jubilee Celebration of the Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions; its spirit; Lev. 25:9, 10, 18, 35.

Results achieved by and for women since 1870. (See WOMAN'S WORK and leaflets of Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions.)

*Jubilee Goals*

Gift of Prayer. Use Year Book, organize prayer-groups, enlist Intercessors.

Gift of Service. Secure Stewardship enlistments, study *A Crusade of Compassion.*

Gift of Life. Plan how to make this appeal to the young women of your church.

Gift of Gold. If a definite object for your Jubilee Gift has not already been chosen, secure one at once.

Study the contribution of Presbyterian Foreign Missions to world reconstruction during 1919, in Africa, Syria, Persia, China, Chosen.

## SUMMER SCHOOLS

THE "MISSIONARY METHODS" class of the Young People's Conference (June 30th-July 6th), at Winona Lake, Ind., was so fine that the young people want others to hear about it. The great success of this class of forty-one was due to the teaching of Mrs. Marion Humphries, of Springfield, Ill. Mrs. Humphries had prepared a sketch that was presented before the class, the subject: *Adapting a Missionary Policy for the Year by a Missionary Committee of Young People.* The personnel included a missionary committee chairman, the corresponding secretary of the Young People's Society, a member of the social committee, an illustrator, and a publicity manager.

Another demonstration was that of several persons representing the boards of the church, as it is organized as a missionary body. The Young People's secretaries were represented and just how the home society of young people is reached by the boards was shown.

By unanimous vote of the class, there was substituted for a lawn party which would soon be forgotten, a treat which no one will ever forget. We went to Indian Mound, away from the rest of the conference, Sunday morning, for a sunrise prayer and consecration meeting. It was certainly a crowning meeting, for four of the delegates decided that morning that they would give their "full time and service" to the Master. MARION WALLACE.

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THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL SESSION of the Federate School of Missions, was held at Mount Hermon, California, July 5-12. There were 121 registrations, many additional people coming for the evening sessions. Presbyterians stood at the head of the registration, having 57 delegates. The one "Quaker" delegate was our delightful text-book teacher, Mrs. A. Rosenberger, of Whittier College, Cal., formerly a missionary near Jerusalem. Rev. M. G. Papazian, pastor now of the Armenian Congregational Church at Fresno, but who was for fifteen years the pastor of an Armenian church of 950 members at Aintab, Turkey, spoke to us on two evenings. There was given a new dialogue called *A Missionary Clinic,* and on another day a Pageant, enjoyed by the audience. Mrs. R. Cadwallader, of the Occidental Board, conducted one of the forenoon "round tables." MARY E. BAMFORD.

## NOTES FROM HEADQUARTERS

### *From Philadelphia*

Send all letters to 501 Witherspoon Building. Directors' meeting first Tuesday of each month at 10.30. Prayer-meeting, third Tuesday at 11. Visitors welcome at both meetings.

PRAYER-MEETING October 21st. TOPICS FOR PRAYER: *Our Publications, Philippines.*

THE FINANCIAL REPORT of Philadelphia Board for the first quarter is encouraging. It shows an increase of $16,126.31 for regular work over the same period last year and receipts of $31,223.07 for Jubilee Fund. It is earnestly hoped that the volume of gifts will gain further momentum as the year progresses.

NO GIFTS for the Jubilee Fund are more acceptable or inspiring than those received by our Treasurer from time to time in memory of early members and officers of this Society. Their very names stir us to gratitude and we like to think of them as sharing in our Jubilee joy. Within the past month have come such gifts in memory of Mrs. Samuel C. Perkins, Mrs. Julia M. Fishburn and Mrs. Charles N. Thorpe, in sums of $500 to $1,500, sent with an enthusiasm which is fairly contagious. These gifts to be devoted to the sending out of new missionaries.

JUBILEE. We are looking forward to being the hostess of the Woman's Boards in May, 1920, on the occasion of the National Celebration of the Jubilee in connection with the meeting of General Assembly in Philadelphia. Details will be furnished in the Jubilee Bulletin, which will be published by the Philadelphia Board at the request of Central Committee, the first number appearing in September. This and the following three numbers will contain information furnished by the six Boards concerning their plans for and progress in their Jubilee work. Our new Jubilee leaflets giving information concerning Syria

and Persia objects and new missionaries are now ready under the title of *Bugle Calls*—free.

To be well informed as to the *Why* of a Jubilee send for *Then and Now of the Philadelphia Board,* price five cents. It is a most readable little history of this, the earliest organization of Presbyterian women for Foreign Missions. Additions are constantly being made to our list of leaflets, especially, at this time, of such as will be helpful in connection with the study of medical missions. Order from 501 a copy of the October number of *The Missionary Review of the World* (price 25 cts.). It is devoted to this subject of Medical Missionary work.

The third year of the Chambersburg Conference showed a larger enrolment than ever before. Of the 728 delegates present, 286 were Presbyterians. The inspiring Communion Service on Sunday, and the sunset service under the oak were a fitting preparation for the week that followed. Miss Wishard, of India, led the early morning prayer services and more than three hundred met daily in special prayer circles. Foreign and home mission classes were led by Mrs. Farmer and Mrs. Semple. Normal classes by Miss Schultz and Mrs. Kemmel. There were periods for discussion of methods and an hour for children. Dr. Anna Kugler, of the famous Guntur Mission of India, was present at the missionary rally. The beautiful memorial services for missionaries was most impressive. Plays, pageants, games and picnics filled up the recreation hours. The Conference closed with a beautiful song service. Miss Kay, in charge of the literature, sold books and leaflets to the amount of $135.

## *From Chicago*

Meetings at Room 48, 17 North State Street, every Friday at 10 a. m. Visitors welcome.

A comparative statement of receipts for the first quarter 1919-20, has been sent out by our treasurer, Mrs. Thomas E. D. Bradley. It says, every state Auxiliary to the Northwest Board, has increased its gifts to the regular work of the Board, all but one state having also sent generous gifts to the Jubilee fund. Sixty-one presbyterial societies increased gifts. In Indiana and Iowa, every presbyterial society in the state is on the Honor Roll. The percentages of increase are as follows: Wyoming, 165 per cent.; Michigan, 134.3 per cent.; South Dakota, 94.7 per cent.; Montana, 89.5 per cent.; Indiana, 77.5 per cent.; Minnesota, 52.4 per cent.; Iowa, 47.8 per cent.; North Dakota, 47.5 per cent.; Illinois, 40.9 per cent.; Nebraska, 27.1 per cent.; Colorado, 24.2 per cent.; Wisconsin, 14.4 per cent. A total net increase of $24,460.08.

The need for Famine Relief in India is felt to be most pressing, and the suffering there quickens all our sympathies. Of course famine relief does not come within the definite work of Foreign Missions, but our Board is most anxious to be of assistance, and has voted to receive funds for this purpose, and transmit them to the Treasurer of the Assembly's Board in New York. These amounts will not be credited as Foreign Mission gifts. Appeals will be sent out by the Famine Relief agencies.

Letters from both Persia and Korea contain urgent appeals to Christians in the homeland for prayer for the suffering Christians who are being massacred. It is reported that Dr. Packard, of the Westminster Hospital in Persia, has been taken prisoner. Nestorian refugees, many of them Presbyterians, are returning to Urumia penniless, and must be cared for until the harvest next spring.

Mrs. E. T. Allen, of Persia; Mrs. Alvin B. Carr, of Elat Station; Mrs. Martin, a missionary of the Southern Presbyterian Church, from the Congo Free State, and Miss Bessie McCoy, of Peking, were among our Friday morning visitors.

Mrs. Williamson and Mrs. Herbert Smith brought interesting reports from the Winona Summer School for Missions; 130 were enrolled in the young women's department. Fifteen offered themselves for definite work.

Miss Gertrude Schultz, who is now assisting Miss Hodge, was welcomed on July 11th, as was also our new Field Secretary, Miss Lucy Porter, who has recently returned from overseas service in France and in London.

## *From New York*

Monthly Prayer Meeting, first Wednesday of each month at 10.30 a. m. Other Wednesdays, reading of missionary letters, 10.30-11 a. m. Room 818, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Summer Conferences: *Pocono:*—The Presbyterian Young People's Conference, held at Pocono Pines from June 30th to July 6th, was most successful. There were 265 delegates, a large number being from New York and New Jersey, with at least one from New England. A spirit of earnestness and a desire to work were manifest, and the classes were very helpful. *Northfield:*—Northfield, 1919, should be written in large letters, for the Conference this year was especially inspiring. The registration was 1,087, with more than half the number in denominational camps. Sixty-four were in Camp Westminster. The classes and meetings were all a call that we should be "not disobedient to the heavenly vision." There were the usual activities in the camp—prayers, a picnic, song rehearsals, fun and work. Westminster had a scene from Korea at the Demonstration one afternoon. Was it worth while? Some of the girls were heard to say that next year the camp ought to be twice this year's size. Will anyone from your church help swell the number? Yes? No? Which? *Stony Brook:*—The conference for Young People, held at Stony Brook, Long Island, August 4th-10th, was one of the twenty training schools for Christian Leadership held throughout this country this summer by the Department of Young People's work of the Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work. Here a group of eighty young people met for study and conference on the work of their church through its Boards and their obligation to personal service.

A Campaign for Leaders: Miss Dickie, of China, has offered a silk Chinese flag to be given as a prize to the presbyterial society within the territory of the New York Board, reporting in April, 1920, the largest number of *new* band and Junior Christian Endeavor leaders acquired during the Jubilee Campaign.

Attention, Please! When sending orders to our Literature Department, please do *not* include in the order and check your subscription for Woman's Work, *Home Mission Monthly*, or *Over Sea and Land*. These offices are widely separated in the building, and it takes much time to copy off the order and take it to the right department. We shall be most grateful if you will keep this in mind. It is our privilege and pleasure, there at the office, to meet many of our workers who come from a distance and are visiting in this vicinity; if you come to the city, won't you call at our rooms?

## *From San Francisco*

920 Sacramento Street. Meetings first Monday of each month at 10.30 and 1.30. Executive session, third Monday. Prayer Service, first and third Monday at 12-12.30.

July Board meeting found many members absent, but a goodly number, including several visitors, filled the rooms. To the consecrated church women, vacation no longer means a season of nature worship only, but a part-time devotion to the training and inspirational privileges of the summer conference, as well. Altars are now set up in redwood forests and by the blue sea, up and down the coast, with Mission Study furnishing the fagots and the smoke of incense to Christ. The Y. W. C. A. Student Conference at Asilomar, was brought back to us by Mrs. F. W. Wickett, of the Student Committee, who presented the work of the church to Presbyterian students. The purpose of this very successful Conference was first: To lead the students to Christ; second, to train them as church leaders. The claims of the foreign field were ably presented by Miss Hazlett; a nurse from the front in France, spoke on the opportunities in the foreign field. The Why and How of Foreign Missions was taught and explained. A deep spiritual impression was made upon girls who had not consecrated themselves to Christ's cause, and upon some who had been attracted by the will-o'-the-wisp of occult beliefs through a college lecture course. A Chinese girl, with tears in her eyes, made a moving appeal for China. "Oh, China needs you!" she cried.

Miss Alice Morse was introduced to the Board as the new Chairman of the Student Committee. Mrs. Penney gave interesting details from General Assembly, of the projected union of the six Woman's Boards which seems such a great step in the upward trend of missionary administration. To bring the way of Christ to the heathen; to secure funds for this object; to secure the missionaries, is the great objective in this progressive move for centralization. Consolidation will mean greater power on the mission fields. Therefore, although it may mean the relinquishment of some dear old customs in Board work, the greater end will more than compensate for any such loss. Occidental Board has a peculiar privilege in its situation as a port of entry and departure of missionaries, its mission station at Headquarters, its Chinese schools, and also the Chinese churches as missionary coadjutors. As long as Chinatown in our coast cities exists Occidental Board will have work to do for Chinese girls. Miss Lucy Durham, associate of Dr. Mary Niles, in the School for the Blind, Canton, China, gave a vivid picture of the efforts for those afflicted girls and boys who are taught to be helpful and happy through Christian teaching and manual training. Blind fortune-tellers, converted to Christianity, have been kept from beggary by vocational training, after they had given up their former calling, and are now self-supporting.

After a trip to General Assembly and a visit with her husband, Dr. Cadwallader, still in Army service at Camp Lewis, Washington, our new President, Mrs. Rawlins Cadwallader, was welcomed at July meeting and presided most graciously.

## *From Portland, Ore.*

One encouraging sign of growth in our territory is the establishment of the yearly Missionary Conference at Seabeck, which held its fourth session July 18th-August 1st, and was more largely attended than ever before, indeed the attendance, 229, was the limit for the accommodations and many applicants could not be accepted. One denomination set aside $1,500 to send ministers who wished to obtain the instruction given by the various courses. The Inter-Church work was considered as well as the M. E. M. work. Dr. John R. Voris, divisional secretary of the Inter-Church movement was present; Raymond Robins, also Bishop Keator, were prominent speakers. There were more young people present than ever before.

Another notable event of the summer was the first young people's Presbyterian Conference in our territory, held at Forest Grove, Ore., August 13th-19th. This was a small conference, but picked young people were there, and just as many courses of mission study were offered as at large conferences, and were planned as training for leaderships. The great feature of the event was the close contact with the splendid leaders present which a small conference permits. There were present Rev. E. T. Allen, Mrs. Allen, and their eldest son, Wallace, from Persia; Miss Aldrich, of the Home Mission Board; Miss Schultz, Ralph Hall, secretary of young people's work of the Presbyterian Board of Publication, and S. S. Work; Rev. James H. Speer, of San Francisco, western representative of the New Era Committee, who led a conference every for any such loss. Occidental Board has a peday on Young People and the New Era. Not in numbers, but in spirit, was the success of this conference. May it not be the beginning of a great work among the young people of our north-west?

# RECEIPTS FROM JUNE 15, 1919, TO AUGUST 15, 1919

By Totals from Presbyterial Societies

## The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church

| | |
|---|---|
| Chillicothe, | $448.58 |
| Cleveland, | 12.00 |
| Columbia, | 39.00 |
| Columbus, | 5.00 |
| Erie, | 640.50 |
| Florida, | 133.35 |
| Lima, | 207.96 |
| McMinnville, | 71.10 |
| New Brunswick, | 25.00 |
| Oxford, | 85.96 |
| Pittsburgh, | 3,027.55 |
| Steubenville, | $5.63 |
| Washington City, | 100.00 |
| West Jersey, | 4.00 |
| Westminister, | 105.00 |
| Wooster, | 15.29 |
| Miscellaneous, | 3,468.25 |
| Interest on Investments, | 1,251.36 |
| | $9,645.53 |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| For Regular Work, | $5,174.47 | |
| War Emergency Fund, | 50.00 | |
| Jubilee Fund, | 4,421.06 | |
| | | $9,645.53 |
| Total Receipts Since March 15, 1919: | | |
| For Regular Funds, | $58,270.37 | |
| From Legacies, | 600.00 | |
| For War Emergency Fund, | 155.00 | |
| Jubilee Fund, | 42,821.87 | |
| For Special Funds, | 388.65 | |
| | | $102,235.89 |

Janet McMullan, *Treasurer*,
501 Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

## The Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest—1919-1920

| | |
|---|---|
| *Illinois* | |
| Alton, | $508.00 |
| Bloomington, | 762.35 |
| Cairo, | 16.00 |
| Chicago, | 2,721.72 |
| Freeport, | 139.68 |
| *Indiana* | |
| Logansport, | 2.00 |
| *Iowa* | |
| Cedar Rapids, | 10.00 |
| Iowa, | 200.00 |
| Iowa City, | 217.56 |
| *Michigan* | |
| Detroit, | 1,204.36 |
| Flint, | 101.40 |
| Grand Rapids, | 775.16 |
| Kalamazoo, | 23.00 |
| Lake Superior, | 222.25 |
| Lansing, | 296.40 |
| Monroe, | $308.50 |
| Petoskey, | 70.00 |
| Saginaw, | 215.00 |
| *Minnesota* | |
| Mankato, | 5,035.99 |
| St. Cloud, | 32.00 |
| St. Paul, | 100.00 |
| *Montana* | |
| Butte, | 50.20 |
| Helena, | 54.80 |
| *North Dakota* | |
| Bismarck, | 75.50 |
| Pembina, | 183.19 |
| *South Dakota* | |
| Black Hills, | 66.20 |
| Central Dakota, | 181.50 |
| *Wisconsin* | |
| La Crosse, | 33.50 |
| Madison, | $341.00 |
| Winnebago, | 407.65 |
| *Wyoming* | |
| Cheyenne, | 25.00 |
| Laramie, | 32.25 |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Galena Presbytery*, | $50.00 | |
| *Wauken Presbytery*, | 7.00 | |
| *Miscellaneous*, | 214.63 | |
| Total, | | $14,683.79 |
| *Designated Receipts for 2 Months:* | | |
| Regular Work, | $13,617.37 | |
| Jubilee Fund, | 1,066.42 | |
| Total, | | $14,683.79 |
| *Total Designated Receipts—March 16 to August 15, 1919. (5 Months of Fiscal Year.)* | | |
| Regular Work, | $54,930.42 | |
| Jubilee Fund, | 13,577.37 | |
| Total, | | $68,507.79 |
| U. S. A. Liberty Bonds, Par Value, | $300.00 | |

Mrs. Thomas E. D. Bradley, *Treasurer*,
1808, 17 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.

## Women's Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church

| | |
|---|---|
| Albany, | $961.00 |
| Binghamton, | 273.00 |
| Boston, | 274.40 |
| Brooklyn-Nassau: | |
| Brooklyn, | 246.00 |
| Nassau, | 218.50 |
| Buffalo, | 754.50 |
| Champlain, | 232.00 |
| Chemung, | 347.00 |
| Ebenezer, | 385.00 |
| Genesee, | 201.62 |
| Geneva, | 322.50 |
| Hudson, | 253.50 |
| Jersey City, | 827.50 |
| Logan, | $93.50 |
| Louisville, | 132.00 |
| Morris & Orange, | 856.00 |
| Newark, | 691.00 |
| Newburyport, | 15.00 |
| New York, | 142.05 |
| Niagara, | 251.00 |
| North River, | 62.00 |
| Otsego, | 243.00 |
| Steuben, | 379.00 |
| Syracuse, | 332.00 |
| Transylvania, | 16.00 |
| Troy, | 585.00 |
| Utica, | 1,055.20 |
| Westchester, | $413.00 |
| Legacies, | 11,750.13 |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Interest, | $1,414.00 | |
| Miscellaneous, | 2,934.16 | |
| Receipts from June 16th to August 15th: | | |
| Regular, | $22,820.35 | |
| Jubilee Fund, | 3,840.21 | |
| | | $26,660.56 |
| Total Receipts Since March 16, 1919: | | |
| Regular, | $52,080.11 | |
| Jubilee Fund, | 13,071.28 | |
| War Emergency, | 1.00 | |
| | | $65,152.39 |

(Mrs. James A. Webb, Jr.), Nellie S. Webb, *Treas.*,
Room 818, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

## The Woman's Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions of the Southwest

| | |
|---|---|
| Little Rock, | $2.50 |
| Osborne, | 171.20 |
| Salt River, | 130.00 |
| St. Joseph, | 25.00 |
| Wichita, | 7.50 |
| Total for year to date, | |
| Miscellaneous, | $13.17 |
| Total for two months, | $760.67 |
| | $11,057.52 |

| | |
|---|---|
| Relief Fund for two months | $9.00 |
| Relief Fund for year to date, | 175.25 |
| Jubilee Fund for two months, | 249.25 |
| Jubilee Fund for year to date, | 4,113.08 |

Mrs. B. F. Edwards, *Treasurer*.

## Woman's North Pacific Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions

| | |
|---|---|
| Alaska, | $7.50 |
| Bellingham, | 102.00 |
| Boise, | 104.50 |
| Central Washington, | 380.25 |
| Columbia River, | 88.50 |
| Grande Roude, | 84.54 |
| Kendall, | 41.00 |
| Olympia, | $261.25 |
| Pendleton, | 29.00 |
| Portland, | 1,063.31 |
| Seattle, | 1,167.75 |
| S. Oregon, | 129.50 |
| Spokane, | 254.76 |
| Twin Falls, | 81.00 |
| Walla Walla, | 124.74 |
| Wenatchee, | $61.00 |
| Willamette, | 332.95 |
| Miscellaneous, | $222.15 |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Receipts for quarter ending June 15: | | |
| Regular Work, | $3,541.55 | |
| Jubilee Fund, | 994.15 | |
| | | $4,535.70 |

Mrs. C. M. Barbee, *Treasurer*,
454 Alder St., Portland, Ore.